You go down just like Holy Mary

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You go down just like Holy Mary

by eve_watson

Summary

Stripper AU where Will works as a stripper and not as a Criminal Profiler.

Frederick "tricks" Hannibal into going on a date with him, even if the date takes place in a strip club. Soon Frederick decides, after a few glasses, to leave Hannibal in favor of a younger stripper who leads him away.
Of course Hannibal is not complaining at all, he had already planned to leave as soon as possible. But a certain brunette catch his attention and now the man needs to know more about him.
And what is the best choice to get to know him if not booking him for a private dance for all the night?

Fic inspired by the song "Mary on a Cross" by Ghost.
A lovely person here made me notice my error so I just changed the name of the song and the name of the band.
The fic is always the same, I just changed this little note here

Notes

PLS let me know what you think about the fic and if I've missed a tag.
Kudos and comments are always appreciated, I love to hear your opinions on my works!!!
I'm planning to write a second part but it will take me some time because i also have more stories I need to work on. Hopefully I'll be able to post part 2 soon.

Chapter 1

"You go down just like Holy Mary"

"It will be interesting for both of us to participate in such an important event like this, even more thanks to the fact that it will host some of the most renowned psychiatrists in the criminal scenario.
It's an opportunity that you can't lose so I guess I'll just pick you up at five, Hannibal. I'll see you next week" was everything that Frederick Chilton had told Hannibal that night of one week ago, not even leaving to the cannibal the possibility to speak and tell him that he wasn't interested in something like that.
Something Hannibal found very rude, only adding itself to the everyday growing list of things that the brunette had made or said that the man would classify as rude.

It was, of course, a fake event made up by the brunette only to have the possibility to spend a night alone with the psychiatrist that he liked so much.
It actually reminded Hannibal of a patient of his, the only difference between them was the fact that Chilton actually used some soap on his body, unlike Franklin.

But, after a few seconds of thinking, Hannibal had decided that it would actually play to his favor the fact that who he was supposed to call Dr.Chilton had decided to invite him to a non-existent convention.
It would give him the perfect alibi for that night, giving him the opportunity to the police that Chilton had just tricked him so that he could spend some time alone with the cannibal just a few minutes before being politely dumped by him.
Hannibal would tell the officers that he didn't have a clue of where the brunette had gone after he left him, taking his car to just drive home before having a very relaxing dinner by himself instead of with Dr.Chilton, as he had proposed after arriving in the town where the event would be held.

Of course Hannibal had to prepare himself too at the possibility of Chilton having other plans, asking him to maybe go somewhere else because they were already in town and it would be a shame to just throw away a lovely evening like that.
In that case, Frederick's death will seem to everyone like an unfortunate incident caused by the fact that the man had decided to drink and drive, of course after leaving Hannibal for a man that seemed to spark a more present interest in the brunette's eyes.
It won't be hard for Hannibal to find the perfect person for that role, picking someone by the list of the pigs that he had the misfortune to meet

In any case, Hannibal that night would solve a problem that had started to torment him a long time ago.
A thought that never failed to put a polite, and almost non-existent, smile on his face.

However, there was a third option that Hannibal would have never expected.
No, just let me re-write that.
There was indeed a third option, one that Hannibal would have never thought that Frederick would be so shameless and so bold to actually decide to act on that scenario, leading Hannibal to a totally different city and in one of the many red-light quarters that the city could offer to the visitors and to its own residents.

Yeah, Hannibal could have expected a possibility like that to happen. He could have expected Chilton to just lead him to a totally different place, telling the cannibal that the convention had
been canceled due to some problems only when they would have found themselves in front of the most famous male strip club that the city had to offer.
However, he never thought that the brunette would have been so bold but at the same time so stupid to bring Hannibal to a strip club. A place where you pay to have the attention of people who could do almost everything for you, at the right price, and that will draw your attention away from the person that you came with.

Yeah, that was a difficult situation for both of them.
But Hannibal could work with that, he only needed to play his cards in a different order than he had planned at first.
After all, it wouldn't take him long to just recreate what could be the crime scene of a robbery that went bad. Or maybe it would be totally his fault, too drunk to think that it wouldn't be a good idea to just mess with the partner of one of the strippers.
Yes, that won't leave to Hannibal the possibility to transform Chilton's death into something that was worthy to be called art, made by the hand of the Chesapeake Ripper.
But he never wanted that for him, finding in the chaos and in the anonymity the perfect dead for the lowest scum that the man was.

After all, Hannibal never planned to dirty his tongue with the taste of that particular pig.
He wasn't worth that.

"I believe I'm not quite familiar with a place like that" Hannibal had said to Frederick once he got out of his car, taking a few seconds to allow himself to look around the place.
He indeed wasn't really familiar with the red-light quarters of the city, preferring the good company of a passionate lover from time to time instead of the mere
attentions that you would receive by paying someone, but he had to fake to know less than what he actually knew.
After all, he had to give Chilton the impression that he still believe that they were going to a convention about the psychology of serial killers and what you could learn from the crime scenes left behind by them.
"I've never heard of a convention being held in this specific district" the man then continued, turning his head to look into the eyes of the brunette that lead him there.

Hannibal could clearly see the pride that Frederick was feeling in that moment, thinking that his plan has gone as smoothly as oil and believing that he had been able to trick Hannibal into a date with him.

The brunette would have never suspected his plan to be just a little piece of the cannibal's greatest game, a mere scenario and act that he had to go through before finally achieving what he had planned since the first time that they met.
"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Hannibal.
Unfortunately, the convention had been canceled due to technical problems" Frederick said while taking a few steps toward Hannibal, placing himself at the side of the man and just putting his hand on the cannibal's shoulder.
"But I thought that it would be a shame to just waste a good evening like that, so I decided to just plan something else for the two of us." He then continued, slowly leading Hannibal toward the door of the club before opening it.

The music could be clearly heard even from the outside, the loud volume of it making it possible for people who just walked by to hear everything that had been put on at that moment, but it was only when the man was inside the club that he could properly understand what the words of the song were.
Not that Hannibal really cared about that, too focused on trying to maintain a very neutral expression despise the not-pleasant feeling that he was having right now, caused by Frederick's hand that was slowly making its way over the psychiatrist's upper back.

However, before he could even have the possibility to say something about that rude gesture, the brunette decides to take the matter into his own hands and just stop a dancer that was passing by before ordering them to find him and Hannibal a table where they could sit before ordering some drinks.
"I hope you like cocktails, they have the best drinks in town that you could ever try.
And I have to admit, the view that you can have here is just a plus" Chilton told Hannibal, letting himself fall on the little black couch that now was in front of them before turning to look at the man.
His legs now wide spread and a cocky expression fully present on his face.

Hannibal couldn't wait to kill him.
However, he had to be patient. He couldn't force chaos into appearing in a specific moment, he just needed to wait for the inspiration to cross his mind, gifting to him the perfect view that will be the death of Frederick Chilton.
After all, even if something couldn't be called art it didn't mean that it could be done without thinking even for a second about the process of making it.

But right now Hannibal had other things to think about, taking his place on a little seat that had been placed a few feet away from the little couch before putting one of his legs over the other.
"I'm not a fan of casual drinks, I prefer a more fine wine to the things that people usually call cocktails.
I found them a mix of tasteless alcohol and other things" the man tried to explain his point of view, casually glancing at Chilton that now was too busy to talk with one of the dancers about what the two of them will have as a drink to pay attention to the man that was sitting right beside him.

"Your drinks will be ready in a minute, sir. Please enjoy your night at the Dirty Angel club.
If you ever desire to have something special from one of the boys please don't hesitate to ask,

I'll leave you the list of everyone who's available tonight." It was everything that the dancer said once he was done with listening to Chilton ordering some kind of tasteless drink for himself and Hannibal, writing down the order on a piece of paper before placing on the table in front of them what could seem from outside the menu of a slightly decent restaurant. Unless that between its pages you couldn't find the name of the dishes that the chefs could offer to you but the stage names of the dancers that were available that night, right beside a list of what they were comfortable with doing and what you could ask them to do for you.

Hannibal only glanced at it for a few seconds, finding in his surroundings something more interesting than everything that Frederick or the list of dancers could offer him, deciding to focus his attention on the few paintings that were decorating the dark red walls.
He had to admit that, they were catching his interest more than he thought they would.
He could recognize some of them, little pieces of canvas painted by now-forgotten artists that weren't enough for the beautiful world of the finest arts.
After all, only what possessed the class and the delicacy to deliver to the world a message could be called art, in Hannibal's eyes.
Even if that massage could disgust and horrify people, forcing them into fear of what the Chesapeake Ripper could do next.

It was funny, in the cannibal's eyes, the fact that he was doing the same things that God had dared to do before abandoning the human beings.
And yet everyone was still failing in the task of seeing that they were created in God's image.
That simple fact allowing them to act like he did all the time while feeling good by doing so.
Funny, yes, the fact that Hannibal had to play the part of God alone, letting to the others the mere and poor role that everyone would define the role of sinners.
The same role that he was going to play that night, letting himself fake to enjoy the night while waiting for the right moment to just leave the club without getting noticed by Frederick.

Of course, by the look on the brunette's face, he was already planning to book one of the dancers for a while, leaving Hannibal alone with his thoughts about what would be the most suitable dead for that cockroach that he had to call one of his colleagues.
A humiliating death, yes, prompted to show to the world what a waste of space was that was Frederick Chilton.
He wasn't even a real psychiatrist, the cannibal had discovered a long time ago, finding out that fact by one of the ones that had not so lately become one of his victims.
Indeed, the person that everyone knew as Dr.Frederick Chilton was someone who never passed even a single test at the university and that would have never become a psychiatrist, if it wasn't for the little affair that he had with one of his professors a long time ago.
Yeah, the man decides to buy his title by using his body.
A shame, really, to the psychiatrist community.

However, Hannibal's thoughts were interrupted only a few minutes after, seeing someone walking beside him only to stop right in front of the little table. A glass filled with a red and orange liquid and only two ice cubes inside of it.
The man looked at it for a few seconds before looking at Frederick with a raised eyebrow, as if he was asking him what was the drink he had in front of him, only to the brunette already drinking half of his drink.

“It’s a Sex on the Beach, Hannibal.
I thought that you would like something, fruity.” Chilton said once he had finished the taste that he had of his drink, looking directly at the man in the eyes with a smirk on his face.
A smirk that, in the brunette's eyes, was something between the flirty and the confident when in reality it was only a smirk that would make everyone run away.

“As I’ve already told you, Frederick, I’m not overly fond of cocktails.
I think I’ll pass” the man said, gently pushing the glass aside while not even daring to look again at the other man in front of him who now had a confused expression on his face, probably thinking that Hannibal did not understand his joke.
But the cannibal, indeed, understood the joke. It was just so lame that he decided to ignore that, putting it aside like he had done with the drink before going back to focus on the painting on the walls.
He had no interest in entertaining a tasteless conversation with Frederick, and that didn’t seem a problem to the brunette too.
Indeed, it was only after a few seconds that he decided to put his drink aside too, only in the favor of the ‘menu’ that was still laying closed on the glass table.

“Let’s find something more fun to do, shall we?” Chilton said before leaning towards the other man, taking the black ‘menu’ and starting to just look at the men in the papers only a few seconds after.
Yes, it won’t take long for the man to find someone who is deemed worthy of his attention and to be chosen by himself.
After all, Frederick always considered himself more worthy and more important than how much he really was, but Hannibal didn’t care about that.
He was going to kill him anyway, soon.

It’s been a few minutes since Frederick had excused himself, telling Hannibal that he had to go to the bathroom, only to find the guy that he had chosen from the list only a few seconds after, eagerly following him inside a private room like an eager puppy.
Hannibal found that pathetic, the fact to follow someone and put on a submissive act not because you really wanted to submit to that person, but because you felt like it was a fun thing to do just before turning the cards on the table and acting like he was the one in charge all of the time, imposing his orders and his rules over the person in front of him.
Yeah, Frederick always thought of himself as a true Dom who could bend every sub and brat to their knees only with one order, never realizing that he was just a guy with a God complex and an extremely big ego who knew nothing about the BDSM scene.
He found that incredibly rude, even if he did recognize that the dog role really fitted Chilton.

But that didn’t matter anymore, in Hannibal’s eyes, who now was starting to get up from where he had been sitting since the beginning of that night.
Ready to just get out of the club, kindly asking to the server that had brought them the drink to tell to Frederick that Hannibal had left, before driving a few minutes away from where the club was.
Maybe he’ll find a nice restaurant where he could have a good glass of wine before starting with his plan, after all, he had 10 minutes to spend before Chilton got out of the private room.

However, just before starting to walk towards the server that had brought him the drink that he hadn't ordered, Hannibal's eyes fell on what he could call the most beautiful man that he had ever seen.
The boy had brown and curly hair that were lovely falling over his forehead, trying in a mere attempt to cover the deep blue that the brunette possessed in his eyes.
The man knew that you could lose yourself in that deep color if you weren't careful enough, letting the boy read you like it was nothing. He could understand all of your being just by a quick glance.
But, behind those eyes beautiful as the sea, Hannibal could clearly see that he was hiding his true nature. Trying to appear as innocent as he could possibly do, wanting for the others to think of him as the little lamb that you can easily lure into your trap.
When, in reality, he was the one who was luring you into his own trap.

After all, it takes a serial killer to recognize one.

It was at that moment, when Hannibal's eyes were finally able to meet the blue ones of the brunette, that the cannibal decided to change his plans for the night, thinking that maybe he could extend his visit to the club just for a while more.
After all, he had all of the time in the world to spend to get to know better that brunette that now was offering him a sly smirk, only before showing to Hannibal his back and disappearing behind a closed door that led to a room reserved to the member of the staff and to the dancers only.
Unfortunately for him, Hannibal was a very patient man and he could wait all night only to just discover what was the name of that lovely brunette that he saw just a few seconds ago.
Even if he already had his suspicions about what the boy could be called, he found more interesting the fact that he could play with the brunette just a little bit more.
The cannibal wanted to discover that lovely darkness that was living inside the dancer, wanting to help him to get his own monster out in the world so that he could show him around.

Yes, that would be beautiful, in Hannibal's eyes and mind.

"Excuse me, I would like to ask you for more information about one of your dancers.
I haven't seen him on the list that you provided me but I suppose that he's working tonight, am I perhaps wrong in my assumptions?" Hannibal asked to the boy, politely handing him the list where you could have found every one of the dancers that would have been there that night with all of the kinds of services that they offered.
Everyone but that lovely brunette.
"Everyone of the dancers is on the list so you should be able to find who you're searching for unless you're talking about Mary." The dancer told Hannibal, explaining to the man that he had just called Mary only offered private dances and had a very strict schedule that couldn't allow him to fit everyone that had asked for him.
He then continued to explain to Hannibal that who he had just called Mary wasn't supposed

to be there tonight, so they hadn't added him to the list for that day, but because of an emergency one of the dancers had to leave and Mary offered to take his place.

"From what I know because of to the short notice nobody has still booked him for the night, but I can ask him if he has someone for the night if you're interested in him Sir" the blond guy offered to Hannibal, bending over the table to grab at the still full glass while trying to hide the little grimace that was appearing on his lips at the sight of the untouched drink.
"I would like to book him for the entire night if that's possible. If it's not I'll book him for every free space that he has.
Every kind of service that he offers will be fine for me" Hannibal told him, glancing at him for a few seconds before moving his gaze to the door where he had seen the brunette disappear.
A small smirk now took its place on the cannibal's lips when he saw the door being opened by the same brunette, who know he had discovered went with Mary as a stage name.
He was wearing what Hannibal thought was called a bunny suit, made from black tissue that hugged every one of the boy's curves and that highlighted the lovely round form of his ass.
His legs were covered by black stockings that arrived to the mid of his thigh, leaving only a hint of the garments that were holding them up.
A round, white and
fluffy tail was resting on the lower back of the bunny suit, giving to the whole look what Hannibal thought was the final touch to attract more clients, in combination with the ears that were resting over his head.
The brunette curls covering the base of them only a bit, giving to the boy that natural look that made him seem as if he was born with those ears.

But Hannibal only actually spent a few seconds to look at the boy, who went by the nickname of Mary while working at the club, before focusing his gaze again on the blonde boy that now was standing still and looking at him with a neutral expression.
After all, the man always found incredibly rude the fact to not look at his interlocutor while talking with them.
"I'll see what can I do for you, Sir. I'll send Mary to the table as soon as he's ready for you" the boy said then before showing his back to Hannibal and slowly starting to walk towards where Mary was.

The cannibal stared at them for the whole interaction, paying closer attention to the brunette who now was directly staring at him. A sly smirk appearing on his lips, as if he was a predator studying the pray that he had just right in front of himself.
He could clearly see the red flash that passed for not even a second in those natural blue eyes, making a very little teasing smile appear on the man's lips.
It was like a scene from a movie, where two predators were just staring at each other before waiting for the other to just make the wrong move.
But there was something more in their eyes, something that was telling them that they finally had found someone that could understand them and what they believed in.

It lasted only a few seconds, the shared look that both Hannibal and Will had the possibility to experience, but it was enough for the brunette to abruptly interrupt the colleague that was

talking with him about a client that wanted him for the whole night before starting to walk towards Hannibal.

His pace was deliberately slow, wanting for the man to look at him and to enjoy every second of the view that the brunette was offering to him.
He always loved to do that, to build up the expectation in the one who will be his client for the night before giving them a night that they will always remember.
After all, Will perfectly knew how to read the people in front of him and that always lead him to give them everything that they could ask and more.
Yeah, he was good at doing his work, and everyone that was lucky enough to get out alive from the club after spending a night with him now was telling the whole town about how much fun they had together.
But his clients were always the same story, some fake doms that believed that they could do everything to him only because he was a Stripper. Or maybe they were that kind of men that believed that they were some kind of "Alpha male" that could never be submitted by a little thing like Will only to be proved wrong after the first 5 minutes of their "session".
Oh, those were his favorite type of clients, especially because most of them found death just a few hours after their encounter with him.

He had to throw away the garbage, after all. Men who thought that it would be fun to abuse someone only because they looked submissive and because it was their right as Alpha males to use the others never fitted in the brunette's vision of the world.
And nobody will miss them, so he was just making a favor to everyone after all.

But the man in front of him was different.
It was a kind of predator that Will never saw in his entire life.
He was someone that looked and acted like a human being, fooling everyone around him into thinking that he was the good guy, someone that they could trust and that will never dare to hurt them.
But, in reality, under that human skin that the man was wearing Will could definitely see the true monster that was the person right in front of him.
And it was beautiful.

"You must be the very good looking man that decided to book me for the whole night" it was the first thing that Will said once he was in front of Hannibal, offering to him a teasing smile before gently brushing away with his right hand the curls that now were covering his eyes.
He always loved to do that, knowing fully well the how the action made him look and how much his customers loved when he did so.
And, from the look that appeared on Hannibal's face even if just for a moment, the older man must have loved that action too.

"May I sit, Sir?" the brunette asked, using his hand to indicate Hannibal's lap.
Usually, he never went this far with a customer if they weren't in the private room, always preferring to just order some drinks so that his client would be less focused on what was happening around him and too drunk to understand that Will was only playing the part of the innocent little thing.
But that very good-looking man that was directly staring at him was different, and the brunette perfectly knew that. The sensation that he was feeling right now only by standing in

front of him enough to push him into something more physical from the beginning, actually wanting to feel those muscular legs under him and to just take his rightful place on the man's legs.

"You may," Hannibal said after a few seconds, taking his sweet time to study the beautiful body of the brunette that was standing in front of him before spreading a bit his legs. A little gesture to indicate to the boy that he could sit and make himself comfortable.
The low tone of the cannibal's voice making Will's legs shake a bit, making the boy almost immediately take his place over Hannibal's lap before he could even realize what was happening.
As if that was an order received from His Dom.
His Dom that Will wished to please and to make proud of him because he would love nothing more as a natural sub to make his Dom proud.

Unfortunately, once the brunette took what he thought was his rightful place on the man's lap, he didn't feel those big and warm hands traveling all over his body, making a little pout appear on his lower lip.
He had expected for the man to make that move, as everyone had always done when he felt mercifully enough to give that kind of attention to one of his clients for the sake of the money, and hating every second of that torture. The feeling of cold hands all over his chest and thighs, groping at him and trying to seek more than they were allowed always made his skin crawl.
But with the man in front of him, with the man that was looking at him with those honey-colored eyes that promised him the world, it was different.
It felt different.

It felt like Will would have died if he didn't receive all of the attention that the one in front of him could give to the brunette.
He wanted his hands all over him, exploring and caressing every inch of his body while taking care of him by giving Will everything that he needed and craved.
He wanted for the man to tell him how much of a good boy that he was, rewarding him with the possibility of pleasure his Dom until he was breathing hard and cumming all over his face, painting it white and smirking at the mess that he was now.

The man must have noticed that Will was busy thinking about something, not really paying too much attention at what was happening around him, because he decided to just caress for a few moments the brunette's thigh with his thumb.
Yes, it was a light touch and it didn't last long, but it was enough to bring Will back to reality, finally having a taste of what he was daydreaming about just a few seconds ago.
"it seems that you lost yourself in your thoughts for a while" Hannibal had told him in a low tone, looking at the brunette in the eyes while bringing to his lips the same hand that he used to caress the brunette's thigh.
The man's index finger resting over his lower lip, while keeping his gaze focused on Will's blue eyes.

But that gesture and the low tone were enough to bring Will back to reality, making him shake his head a bit before focusing again on the gaze of the man in front of him.
Something that Will was really interested in, trying to understand in which way the man

wanted to eat him. Hopefully, if Will was lucky enough like he thought he was, it will be the most pleasurable way. For both of them.
“I’m sorry, I tend to not do that a lot, especially when I’m at work.
My thoughts are often not tasty.” The brunette said, putting himself into a more comfortable position while slowly swaying his hips back and forth, making a low groan escape the older man’s mouth.
A smirk appearing on his lips at the sound of that, eager to hear more.
Even if he had to wait for that but, after all, the wait was only needed to build up the pleasure.

“Nor mine” it was everything that Hannibal said before bringing both of his hands around Will’s waist, gently gripping at it so that he could make the boy stay still instead of keeping the sweet but slow movement of his hips.
Not that Hannibal didn’t like that, no, but he would have preferred to have that kind of interaction with the brunette while being in a more private space that would allow him to really let go of his self-control before taking what was rightfully his.

After all, they were meant to be together.
Two predators hunting together in the night, following their own rules while caring about nothing but their mate. The beautiful sight of the other covered in blood while the light of the moon was on them flashing in both of the men’s eyes.
“It’s beautiful” was what both Hannibal and Will thought at that moment, even if they couldn’t explore that fantasy further.
Not right now.
But one thing was sure, Will was meant to be Hannibal’s.

“Eager are we?” was everything that Will said just a few seconds after, putting both of his hands on Hannibal’s shoulder and leaning toward him so that both of their lips were only a few inches away.
It could take so little for one
of them to close the distance, making their lips meet into a searing and possessive kiss that would show to everyone who they belonged to.

“I have to admit that I’m not unhappy with the turn of events that this night took, and that it would be the best situation for both of us if we found ourselves inside a private room right now,” the man told him, moving his right hand up to his waist and slowly bringing it to the brunette’s cheek.
His thumb now slowly but gently caressing the lower lip of the boy.
“But I recognize that the wait could only benefit you, my boy. I have a feeling that you have a lot to learn about patience and about rewards for good behavior” Hannibal then continued, using his still busy hand to tighten the grip that he had on Will’s waist so that he would be able to stop the slow movements of his hips.

“I’m always a good boy for you, Daddy” Will said after a few seconds, feeling a smirk appear on his lips because of the reaction that the older man had because of his words.
His whole body went rigid for a few seconds, giving to Will the possibility to feel the little twitch of the erection of the man under his ass caused by his words.
But the brunette couldn’t stop himself here, not when he craved so much more for the man

even if he couldn't have it right now.
Fortunately for him, he always had been one to know how to get his way in every situation he found himself in, and after all nobody would call after him for only doing what he was paid to do.
And if he was enjoying that, well, that was only something that would play to his benefit.

"Won't you let me suck your cock as a reward?" He continued, now taking the man's thumb into his mouth before starting to gently suck it. His tongue gently lapping over the skin, his eyes half covered by the eyelashes.
But that was enough for Hannibal to let out a low growl, a wordless warning for the brunette to behave well and to not take more than he was being offered. Not that Will didn't care, after all.
He was always down for a good spanking as a punishment for his bad behavior, but tonight he felt like he wanted to obey to the older man.
Will wanted to make him proud, to be rewarded by him and to be told by the man how good he was being for him.

"Only if you behave like the good boy that I know you are, Mary" Hannibal almost growled to him, taking his own thumb out of the brunette's mouth before using that same hand to gently grab at his neck.
The grip that the man had on flesh wasn't really tight, not knowing if the brunette was good with that kind of kink, but it wasn't gentle either.
After all, he had to remind to the boy who was in charge and how he had to behave if he wanted to get what he wanted.

And Will was going to answer that. He was going to tell Hannibal that he could be whatever he wanted for him to be, and that meant being his good little slut if the man wanted for him to be that.
But, right when he was going to open his mouth again, he saw with the tail of his eye that the door of the private room was being opened, signaling to him that whoever had been inside it had finished with their job.
The brunette was only waiting for that, wanting to just lead the older man inside of the room so that he could finally offer to him all of his special services. Some of them were even services that Will had never offered to anyone, not wanting to be that kind of dancer and already making enough money by just doing private dances to his client.
But, after all, there was always a first time for everyone.

"It seems that our room is finally free, Daddy," Will said almost in a whisper, leaning a little bit more toward the man and almost whispering the words on his lips, before slowly getting off of his lap and standing right in front of him. His head now turned to the side to look at the door that was being opened, only to see one of his colleagues leaving it quickly followed by an older man with brow hair.
Will thought that he had already seen that man before, but he wasn't sure where. Not that it mattered now.
Hannibal followed the brunette's gaze with his eyes, curious to see where they would move their private session and if it would be the right place for what he had in mind, only to see that Frederick was getting out of that specific room too.

However, Hannibal couldn't define himself surprised, no. Totally the contrary.
He had expected since the beginning of that night for Frederick to not so politely dump him with a filthy excuse, only to have fun for some minutes with some of the dancers that worked there before going back to Hannibal and expecting for him to act like Frederick had been to the bathroom this whole time.
Yes, the cannibal considered the fake psychiatrist not very intelligent, but he may have to lower his expectations on that side.

But he was quickly woke up from his thoughts by the lovely brunette that now was looking directly at him, his left hand caressing his chest while his right hand was starting to get busy with the tie of the older man.
Taking it out of the dark blue jacket and using it to just lead the man towards himself.
"Do you perhaps know him? Is he the one you came with?" the brunette asked him teasingly, still using his fingers to play with the black tie that now seemed to catch all of his attention.
His blue eyes looking at Hannibal's honey ones by under his lashes.
"He's what other people would call a colleague of mine, even if I'm not so sure how legally he got his license.
A two years old would do a better job than him" it was everything that the man said, making the brunette laugh and smile because of that before starting again to lead the older man towards the door.

They had better things to do right now.

It didn't take long for the couple to find themselves inside of the private room, now both of the men finally able to explore each other's body without having to hold back.
And that knowledge was the factor that brought both Hannibal and Will where they were right now, with the brunette's back pressed against the closed door and the older man's hand tangled between his hair.
The black tie that he was wearing still being held in one of the boy's hands, giving him the possibility to just have that little sensation of being the one in control right now.
Even if they both perfectly knew who was going to lead the whole scene that night.

The music on the stereo was still on, filling the room with the soft notes of a band that Will knew very well, giving him the best idea that could ever get into his mind.
After all, Hannibal had booked him for every one of his service and that included a private dance too. And, if that dance lead to something else, well, the brunette wasn't going to complain at all.
However, right now the older man seemed to have other plans for the brunette, keeping his mouth in him before gently biting his lower lip and breaking the skin a bit.
The taste of blood now filling both of their mouths.
And they would have continued like that, kissing each other and letting their hand wander all over their body, caressing them and letting moans and growls out of their mouth, if the brunette didn't start to gently push Hannibal away.

"I think I owe you a dance, after all, you've booked me for all the night.
It would only be fair for me to offer you what you've paid for" the brunette whispered over

his lips, taking a few steps to the side so that he could free himself before starting to walk towards the center of the room.
He could clearly feel Hannibal's eyes on his back, following every one of his movements like a predator would do with his prey.
But the man was quick to put back on his person suit, taking one deep breath before starting to follow at a low pace the brunette before taking his place on the couch that was in the room.
"I think you owe me more than a dance, Mary" Hannibal said in a low voice, one of his legs now laying over the other. Something that the brunette didn't appreciate so much.

Indeed, it was only a few seconds after that Will was again leaning towards the older man, but this time both of his hands were laying on one of Hannibal's legs while gently pushing it to the side.
"I think I like them more when they are spread, like this" it was the only thing that Will said before taking a few steps back, putting himself again in the center of the room just when one of his favorite songs for the performance started to play.

Yes, that was the perfect moment to state his dance.

A dance that didn't last long because Will soon found himself between Hannibal's legs, caressing all of his body with both of his hands. His touch especially focusing itself on the chest and on the legs of the older man, making him look at the brunette with a fake interrogative expression on his face, as if he didn't know what Will was going to do.

It made him giggle a bit, this little game that the two of them were playing of acting all innocent and clueless as if both of them didn't know how the night will end.
But Will liked that game, it always gave him the possibility to direct the scene where he wanted it to go and to lead the man that was his client for that night wherever he wished for him to go.
However with Hannibal the whole scene was different, as if Will was the one who was being fooled into thinking that he was leading the scene, and not the older man who was eagerly watching him right now.
And Will liked that, he liked the sensation of being a prey under the control of the predator in front of him.
The brunette loved to know that soon he would be begging and pleading for the older man's cock, doing and saying everything that he told him to do only to have just a taste of Hannibal.

"I didn't know that touching your clients was allowed" the older man told him after a while, making the brunette giggle before sitting once again on his lap.
The beginning of the song Mary on a Cross
starting to play, making a smirk appear on the brunette's lips.
"It isn't, but I think we're past from that" Will said, slowly lowering his head so that his lips were only a few inches away from the man's pair.
A flash of yellow and red passing through Hannibal's eyes. Something that nobody would ever be able to catch, not even if they were focusing all of their attention on the honey-colored eyes of the man that now was staring back at them.

But Will was different. He could clearly see, now, who and what the man was.
He could clearly see the predator that was hiding itself behind that person suit so finely sewn by the one who pretended to be a person like the others, fooling everyone with his appearance and with his good manners. Making every person in this world think nothing but good things about him, making the other feels stupid for even thinking that Hannibal would ever be able to even hurt a fly.

But Will wasn't anyone. He could read the man in front of him as if he was the one inside that person suit, seeing every thought and everything that was inside of his mind.
And it was beautiful.
It was everything that he had ever wanted.

However, right now it wasn't the moment to know.
Right now, deep inside himself, the brunette knew that it wasn't the moment for himself to reveal to the older man who he really was too.
No, they had to dance together another while before letting themselves go and fall into what was the passion and love that they were both feeling right now.
After all, the predator in front of him had a very precise plan in his mind, even if Will didn't know the details of it. But it would be a shame to ruin it, especially after all of the promises of fucking him so good that the only thing he would remember will be Hannibal's name.
Will could wait 'till the end of their little encounter.

He still needed to s0decide if he wanted to join another predator in his journey, or if he preferred to hunt down his prays alone, after all.
Even though he already knew what the answer will be.

And it was in that moment that words decided to leave his mouth again, sending both of them in what would be the night that they will remember forever.
"We were speeding together
Down the dark avenues" now their lips meeting in the most heated kiss that they had shared until that moment.
A kiss filled with passion and desire, but that was hiding a secret message that they will only discover at the end of the night.
A little surprise for them to discover together.

It didn't take long for the both of them to let themselves go, focusing their attention on the music and on the man that was in front of them right now.
Nothing else mattered, not to them.
Not when Will's hands continued to wander all over the man's body, gently caressing every inch of it while stopping a few times to play with the black tie that was still around Hannibal's neck.
Flashes filled with images and ideas for what could be a better use of that piece of cloth filled the brunette's mind, making him smirk at the only thought of it wrapped around his wrists.
It would feel so good to be completely at the service of the man in front of him, not being able to resist to whatever Hannibal wanted to do with him and with his body. Offering

himself as if he was a white canvas that only Hannibal could paint to his liking, decorating it with bites and marks left by his hands.

But right now it wasn't the moment to think about his pleasure, no.
If he wanted to be rewarded he had to take care of his Dom first, offering to him all of his body and everything that he could give to him.
And it was right when he heard the beginning of his favorite part of the song that an idea came up to his mind, giving him the perfect prompt to show to Hannibal how much eager he was for him.
How willingly the brunette was to let himself be devoured by the monster in front of him, carefully hidden by that perfectly tailored person suit that seemed to fool everyone.
Everyone but Will, who was slowly starting to fall more and more in love with the monster that happened to be his customer for the night.

The darkness that he could see in Hannibal's eyes slowly becoming an addiction to Will, making him wanting and craving more and more of that.
After all, he always knew that he was destined to be with a predator like him. And he wasn't going to complain not one bit.
But, of course, he has to show Hannibal that he was worthy to be his.
The perfect idea coming right now into his mind.

He was going to surprise Hannibal, taking advantage of the fact that the older man could never know the song or the lyrics of it, planning his movements to perfectly fit everything that the song said.
But, in the end, it was Will the one who was surprised by the other. Even if only for a few seconds.

The brunette was standing right in front of Hannibal, his body placed between the spread legs of the man while he was leaning towards him. A last kiss being left on the man's lips, something that was being quickly followed by a bite from the older man, making Will's lower lip bleed, before the brunette started to slowly kneel on the ground, his hands now moving from the chest to the legs of the one in front of him.
Uncaring of the little pain that he was feeling right now.

Will was going to speak too, wanting to sing his favorite part of the song, but was quickly interrupted when one of Hannibal's hands grabbed at his chin, making the brunette lift up his face to look at those honey-colored eyes that now were staring back at him.
His body still getting closer and closer to the ground even if now Will was staring at him.

It was in that moment that Hannibal started to speak,.
"You go down just like Holy Mary.
Mary on a, Mary on a cross" the older man's thumb now slowly caressing the brunette's lower lip, spreading the blood all over it and a bit in his cheek too.
A smirk slowly appearing on Hannibal's face.
"Not just another Bloody Mary"

Space and Time didn't matter anymore to the brunette, too focused on the man right in front of him to even care about everything that wasn't him.
It almost felt like the entire world had stopped living in that exact moment, leaving only him and Hannibal alive. Giving to them every second that they could ask for to just enjoy the other's company.
To Will it even seemed that the music had stopped to play, leaving to them a little moment of intimacy, so that they could just lose their souls into their eyes, letting it drown into a sea that had the same color of Honey and just a little hint of Blood.
But that was just what Will could see right now.

Indeed, Hannibal had a completely different view in front of himself.
His soul, even if corrupted by the horrors that he experienced, was taking its sweet time to just drown in what it seemed like the most beautiful ocean that the man could ever see.
Something that was beautiful and mysterious at the same time, almost begging you to adventure yourself into that deep and dark place that was Will's soul. Only to discover that what everyone thought was just an innocent boy, in reality, was just another monster dressed as a human.

Yes, his person suit still needed some adjustments to be perfect.
Hannibal could clearly see where the stitches were too loose and the very few holes that were left behind, but he could help him.
He could help his sweet Will with his journey to discover who he really was, guiding him and teaching him what the darkness that he had inside could offer to him.
How much beautiful it could be to just let yourself be embraced by that.

After all, they were superior to everyone that was out there and they perfectly knew that.
They were just waiting for the right person who they would have the pleasure to call theirs.
Finally having the possibility to answer to the call of their mate, letting themselves be eaten by the other's darkness and taking their pleasure in that.

Yes, they finally found the predator who would go hunt with them until death does them apart.

To Will it felt like months had passed, even years maybe, too lost into Hannibal's mind and eyes to realize what was happening in the world around him.
When, in reality, only a few seconds had just passed, the music still playing on the background giving him something that could help him to go back to reality.
However, instead of helping him to gather his thoughts about who Hannibal really was before putting them in the back of his mind, an idea flashed right into his brain making a smirk quickly take its place on the brunette's lips.
Yes, Hannibal had definitely impressed him by singing one of his favorite parts of the song, making him understand that the man could clearly see who he truly was.
That he could understand him.
But two could play this game, and Will was going to show him that.

“Your beauty never ever scared me, Chesapeake Ripper” it was everything that Will said in that moment, his gaze focusing on Hannibal’s eyes only to see that flash of red again.
Only that, this time, it lasted a few seconds more only to be almost immediately replaced by the realization that Will knew him. That Will understood him.
That Will was exactly like him.

And in Hannibal’s eyes it was beautiful. Just like it was in Will’s eyes too.

“That’s a bold accusation to make to one of your clients, Will” Hannibal said after a while, studying the little changes in the brunette’s expression.
They were very noticeable, only a little twitch if the corner of his mouth and his gaze becoming a little sharper in case he had to run away, but the man was able to notice them perfectly. After all, his attention had been focused all of this time on the beautiful creature that was still kneeling between his legs.
“And what are you going to do about that?” Will almost purred, lowering a bit the tone of his voice to give to it the exact sound that he wanted, asking him a question
that he already know the answer for.
But he wanted for Hannibal to say it, craving to hear those words directly from him.

“I’m gonna teach you some manners, my sweet boy.
After all even the most perfectly trained puppies need to be reminded who is in charge once in a while”

To say that Will was eager to finally have a taste of Hannibal’s cock would be a misunderstanding.
He had craved that feeling since the first second that he saw him, wondering about how his cum would taste and already thinking about how much he wanted to choke on it.
And finally, after waiting for so long, he was eventually able to do so. After getting permission from his Dom of course.
Something that hadn’t been easy to obtain.

Indeed, the brunette had to beg for a few minutes.
Whining and pleading Hannibal to just let him take his cock in his mouth, letting the boy please him in one of the best ways that he could.
And, eventually, the man finally gave him permission to take out his cock but only at one condition: Will couldn’t touch it.
No, he had to stay on his knees while Hannibal had his way with him, teasing him with just the tip after making him open that pretty mouth of his.

“Open your mouth Will” Hannibal ordered him, using his free hand to grab at the brunette's curls before making him push his head a bit back.
That made a moan escape Will’s mouth, which now was wide open and just waiting for Hannibal to use it as he pleased. And, fortunately for him, it didn’t take long for the older man to slowly push just the tip of his cock inside Will’s mouth, letting the boy just gently suck at it.

It felt heavy on Will's tongue, a feeling that he had craved since the beginning of the night. It was a shame that he couldn't touch it, really. He was already craving the warm feeling under his hands, wanting to trace that long vein that the brunette had just a glimpse of. However, unfortunately for him, it didn't pass a lot before Hannibal pushed Will's head away, making him whine because of it.
He wanted to have more, he wanted to be able to take all of Hannibal's cock in his mouth di that he could choke on it, using his tongue to lick all of the shaft before focusing his attention on the tip.
Something that always made all of his clients go mad.
However, of course, he had to deserve that. And both of them knew that very well.

But that didn't stop a pout to appear over Will's lips, making Hannibal tug at his hair and a little hiss leave the brunette's mouth. Not that he was complaining because of that gesture, after all.
"No pouting, Will. You have to earn what you crave for.
And I never liked when things were too easy to achieve" Hannibal had told him, now spreading a bit more his legs so that the brunette could put himself in a more comfortable position between them.
After all, they were going to stay just like that for a long time, and he wanted for his boy to be as much comfortable as he could.
"Now why don't you show me how much you want it? If you'll be good enough I might consider the option of letting you cum at the end of our little session." The man continued to talk, slowly jerking himself off while keeping his attention focused on Will and, more specifically, on his mouth.
Mouth that now was a bit swollen with his lips wet.
Hannibal would have definitely made a painting of Will in that precise moment if he had the possibility, wanting to put on paper the exact sight of the beautiful creature that he had in front of him right now.
However, he had to put that memory in his mind palace for later, wanting to give all of his attention to more urgent matters right now.

A smirk immediately appeared on the brunette's mouth, the knowledge that finally he was going to have what he wanted quickly settling in.
Of course, he had to please his Sir at first, having to earn his reward like the good boy that he was.
And Will perfectly knew how to do that.

The brunette started slow at first, passing the flat of his tongue all over Hannibal's shaft a few times and making him groan in pleasure. He then decided to focus himself on the now swollen head, taking only it inside of his mouth and starting to suck at it while a few moans were already leaving his mouth.
Will even passed his tongue over the head a few times, making the man groan and pull his hair with the hand that now was back over his head, gently guiding him when he wanted for the brunette to take him more or pulling him away when he wanted for Will to beg for it.
And the brunette loved that, he loved the fake feeling of being the one in control when in reality Hannibal was the one who was silently telling what to do and how to do that.

However, as the minutes passed, the brunette started to crave something more than just taking a bit of the shaft inside his mouth. He wanted to choke and moan over Hannibal's cock, wanting to feel it in the back of his throat until he couldn't breathe properly while his cheeks were being wetted by tears.
He wanted for Hannibal to praise him, to tell him how much of a good work he was doing, but he always wanted for the older man to tell him how much of a cock slut he was.
And Hannibal perfectly knew that, and he was going to give him what the brunette wanted, he was just waiting for Will to beg for it.

"What a good bunny that you're being for me, so eager to please but also so needy.
Waiting and wanting to have more even if you perfectly knew what you have to do to achieve that" Hannibal told him in a low voice, pushing the brunette's head back so that he couldn't be able anymore to have his cock in his mouth.
The man's free hand now slowly stroking his shaft while his movements were carefully followed by those blue eyes that never failed to look directly into his soul.
"Beg for it, Will. Show me what a good cockslut you are.
Tell me how much you want it and maybe I'll eventually give to you what you want" he then continued to talk, passing his thumb over his head and groaning once again in pleasure.

A few seconds had passed before Will eventually started to beg, opening that pretty mouth of his and letting out of it all of the whines and moans that he was holding in since the beginning of their journey.
"Please Sir" the brunette almost purred, stroking his cheek against the man's thigh while looking at him directly in the eyes. A lovely pout now appearing on his lower lip.
"Please, let me suck your cock. Let me take care of you, I want to taste your cum on my tongue and to feel it all over my face." The brunette whined in a sultry voice, squirming a bit while faking to try to find a more comfortable position when in reality he was just getting closer and closer with his face to where Hannibal's cock was.
He even had the possibility to push his ass back a bit more, giving to the man the possibility to just stare at it for a few seconds before feeling a smirk appear on his lisp.

Hannibal couldn't wait to feel how tight he was, how good he would milk his cock while the man fucked him senseless and made him scream his name in pleasure.
"You may suck my cock, bunny" it was everything that the older man said before taking away his hand from Will's hair, gently caressing his cheek before placing his hand on one of his still-clothed knees.
"But you have to follow one simple rule if you want for me to give you my cum" he said after a few seconds, stopping Will in his tracks when he was going to take again Hannibal's cock in his mouth.
"I want for you to touch yourself. I want you to squirm in pleasure while you touch yourself and you rut against my leg, but you're not allowed to cum until I say so.

If you disobey then you won't cum at all for the rest of the night, and I'll be the only one to get my pleasure from our sessions."

It has been a while since both of them started their session.
A drop of drool was slowly ruling down Will's side of the mouth, arriving at the end of his cheek and quickly falling on the carpet beneath him.
Both of his hands were now gabbing at the dark blue tissue of Hannibal's pants, giving to the brunette a solid grip for him while he quickly humped himself over one of the older man's legs.
His erection was pressed against the hard muscle of it, giving to the brunette immense pleasure and making him moan and whine around the man's cock who groaned back in response.

He knew that he was getting closer and closer, and he wanted to stop himself before it was too late.
But every time he tried to stop to even for a few seconds Hannibal just chuckled, looking at him with his usual smirk before gently pressing his black booth against Will's erection and making the brunette moan in pleasure.
Of course, it wasn't enough pressure for him to cum, and both of them perfectly knew that, but it was the right amount of it to just keep Will on the edge without making him relax and his erection fade.
Not that a thing like that would have happened soon.
But the older man loved the expressions that Will made every time that he decided to torture him like that, hearing his muffled moans while sometimes having the possibility to see him push his head back.
His mouth still open while his tongue was out of it, a choked whine barely escaping it while the brunette tried to not cum into his Bunnysuit.

"Please.." it was everything that Will was able to say once he took Hannibal's erection out of his mouth, trying to catch back his breath.
His voice was trembling and raspy, his throat and mouth still sore from the blow job that he had been doing since then to the older man in front of him. Not that he was complaining about it, after all.
The brunette loved what was happening between them, having the private room all for themselves for all the night without being scared of being interrupted by someone who was searching him.
But he also wanted more for Hannibal. Will wanted to taste his cum on his tongue, to feel it on his face and to just please his
master as he was ordered to do.

"Please Sir, I can't wait anymore.
If I keep going like this I think I'm- ah~" a loud moan escaped Will's mouth, interrupting him just mid-sentence.
The moan was louder than usual, caused by Hannibal who now was pushing a little bit more the heel of his boot against the brunette's erection, making him swim and try to subtract his body from the attentions that the older man was giving to it.
He was already at his limit, needing to just relax for a few seconds or he really was going to cum without his Sir's permission, losing the possibility to have everything that he wanted from Hannibal that night.

The brunette was lucky, having the possibility to take a break from the pleasure that the older man was giving to him right now, being allowed by Hannibal to just take a break from the sweet torture that he was making him go through.
But that wasn't because Hannibal was feeling benevolent that night, no. It was because he felt like it has arrived the right moment for him to admire that lovely face of the brunette, his red lips and those blue eyes, covered with white cum.
A sign of his ownership over the brunette, telling to the boy and to everyone who Will truly belonged to.

"I think that you've earned the first of your rewards, puppy.
You've been a very good boy for me, so you'll get what you've been asking for since the beginning of the night" the man told him, gently pushing away the hand of the boy that was jerking him off only to take his place with one of his own hands. His movements rough and quick, making the brunette smirk with satisfaction at the mere sight of it. And, of course, at the thought of what was going to happen soon.

"Now open up wide that mouth, puppy. It's time to receive your reward" the man said only to start to cum just a few seconds after, spilling his cum all over Will's face and on his tongue.
It was a beautiful sight, really, in Hannibal's eyes. Seeing that face that reminded him so much of the one of an angel having all over it the sign of corruption and the mark of something that many would compare to the devil.
It was the mark of the corruption, in Hannibal's and Will's eyes, and none of them was going to complain about that.

After all, both of the monsters that were hiding themselves inside those human suits never complained about that.
They had finally found their soulmate, someone who understood them and loved them for who they truly were, and not for the mask they put on every day.
Yes, in the end, they were finally happy.

"What a dirty mess that you are, Will." The man said in a low voice, his eyes still focused on the face of the brunette who was still kneeling in front of him.
His free hand holding the boy's face in a tight grip, showing him exactly where he had to look and how high he had to keep his face.
After all, Hannibal always loved for his prey to look at him directly in the eyes before having his way with them. And Will was the most ambitious and wanted prey of all.
Yes, the cannibal had beautiful plans for him.

"Care to help me to clean that?" the brunette replied, making his tongue slowly lick at both of his lips even if only the tip of it was showing.
A smirk immediately appeared on the older man's lips, satisfied about the brunette's answer that he gave him.
Slowly, Hannibal released the brunette's face from his grip, now only using his thumb to gently clean all of his face before pushing it between Will's lips.
A very clear order could be seen inside those honey-colored eyes that were telling him to do what he knew what to do best.

The brunette slowly started to suck the man's thumb, using his tongue to clean all of the skin before slowly hollowing his cheeks. His eyes always focused on Hannibal's face, never leaving the sight of the beautiful smirk that was still there on his lips.
The hunger in his eyes still keeping him company in that beautiful moment that will always be printed in his mind.
"What a beautiful puppy that you are, Will.
But now I need for you to get up, I'm not finished with you yet"

Will immediately followed Hannibal's order, lowly whining because of the loss of the man's thumb inside his mouth. But, besides that, not even one single complaint came out of him.
He perfectly knew what was going to happen, and he couldn't wait for that.
After all, he always dreamed for his first time to be with the Chesapeake Ripper, always knowing that in the famous serial killer he would find the person that would be able to guide him on his own path, helping him to become what he was really meant to be.
Will could already feel a pair of metaphorical antlers starting to grow on his head, a pair that was getting more and more similar to the one that the monster in front of him had on his head.
That beautiful monster that soon he will call His.

"Are you going to eat me like you did with all the others?" the brunette asked him in a soft whisper, both of his sore legs now laying at the side of Hannibal's thighs.
Both of his hands slowly making their way toward the man's shoulders, gently grabbing at them to have a solid grip while taking his rightful place on the man's lap.
"Or did you plan something else to do with my body?" he then continued while his hips were slowly moving back and forth, a low growl escaping the cannibal's mouth.
"I have so many plans for you, my dear Will.
But you have to be patient for that, you still have all of your clothes on after all"

And, immediately after, without leaving to the brunette the time to let those words sink in his brain, Hannibal's hands were all over Will's body. Gently caressing his exposed skin with a hand while the other was busy slowly undressing him, taking away that leather Bunnysuit that the boy had been wearing since the beginning of their night.
Little did Hannibal know that he was going to have a very unexpected surprise, he just needed to keep to undress Will to discover that.

It didn't take long for Hannibal to complete his task, now having in front of himself an almost completely naked Will, except for only one piece of clothing.
The brunette had been wearing under that dress a pair of black, lace panties. Something that helped him to accentuate the curves of his ass and his cock that now was trobbing and leaking precum.
A smirk now appearing on Hannibal's lips, making him chuckle a little at the sight of what he had in front of him.
His boy never failed to surprise him, even if they knew each other only since a few hours.

"Do you like what I chose for tonight, Sir?" the brunette whispered over the man's lips, their faces only a few inches away from each other.

His hands were still gripping at Hannibal's shoulders, his hips now being held still in a tight grip by the man's hands.
The brunette already knowing that he would find very visible marks on his skin the day after, reminding him and every one of his activities of the night.
Reminding everyone that those were the sign of ownership over his body and soul.
Reminding him that now he could finally be who he really was meant to be.

"I wanted for my first time to be special.
After all, I have the impression that I will remember this for the rest of my life."

Nine words. It took Hannibal only nine words to stop himself from what he was doing, now moving his hands to rest on the brunette's small waist before taking a few seconds for himself.
He wasn't sure if he could believe the boy, perfectly knowing that he did this kind of work as a living and that it was his job to make his other clients feel special with sentences such as "you're my first time".
But when he looked in the deep blue of those beautiful eyes he couldn't find anything besides that hunger and that darkness that had always been here, just waiting for the perfect partner to find it and to help it grow.

In the end, the man decided that it didn't matter so much if the brunette was lying or not, too busy thinking about all the ways that he was going to make Will moan and whine his name until it was the only thing that he could remember.
But of course, that took time, and the man wasn't going to spoil him with everything that he wanted without a little lesson about patience first.
After all, he had to earn his reward.

"Now now, puppy. I didn't think that you would have been so impatience.
I think you need to learn your lesson before I give you what you want as a reward.
Besides that, it's not one of my desires to hurt you and your beautiful body. Not in this kind of way, of course," Hannibal said over Will's lips, now his right hand slowly making its way towards Will's hole.
That action made the brunette squirm a bit, making a smirk appear on the older man's lips, but it wasn't enough to distract him from what he had planned for the night.
Indeed, only his index finger now was gently teasing the area, circling it with only a gentle and light touch of the fingertip.

That made the brunette push his ass back a bit, hoping to get more of that so attentive and gentle touch that the man was offering him.
It was gentle and careful, something that wasn't meant to hurt him but to bring him to the most pleasurable moment that he could ever experience. But Will didn't want that right now, he wanted to feel Hannibal inside of him.
He wanted to feel Hannibal's cock inside of his hole, making every muscle in his body burn and hurt because of the feeling that would soon become one of the most delightful memories of his entire life.

Yes, the brunette didn't want to wait for that, but, unfortunately for him, the older man had other plans for him.

And Will perfectly knew that he shouldn't anger a predator like him, he could find himself with more bites and marks than what he had hoped for. Not that he would have complained, after all, but he knew that being Hannibal's good boy would eventually get him farther than being the usual brat that he was with other
clients.
After all, with Hannibal he really wanted to submit himself to the man.

"Still." An order came out of Hannibal's mouth, even if it sounded more like a growl than words being said.
But, in the end, it performed its job perfectly because Will's hips immediately stopped, now not pushing back anymore his ass so that he could feel more of the man's touch.
Even if a disappointed whimper still made its way out of the brunette's mouth, making the cannibal tighten the grip that he still had in the boy's waist.
A silent warning, telling him that the more he complained the more he would have to wait to finally have what he truly wanted since the beginning of that night.

Many minutes had passed since those famous nine words. Minutes that Hannibal spent totally focusing himself on the task of preparing the brunette that was still sitting in his lap.
Both of Will's arms were now circling the man's neck while his face was hidden in the crook of it, wanting to silence as more as possible his loud moans and whimpers.
Something that he was failing miserably thanks to the skilled fingers of Hannibal that now were gently brushing against his prostate making whines escape his mouth repeatedly.
Both the Bunnysuit and the panties that he had been now abandoned somewhere on the floor.

"H-Hannibal please…" was everything that Will was able to say in that moment, between a moan and a whimper, only to receive as a punishment a spank on his ass or for the older man to stop his quick but precise movements of his fingers.
"That's not what you call me, puppy. I've already told you twice, but it seems that I wasn't enough for you to learn your lesson.
Maybe I shouldn't give to you your rewards, after all" the man told him in a low voice, stopping the movement of his wrist and slowly starting to move away from the brunette's prostate. Something that made him whine sadly before get even closer to Hannibal's chest than how he already was.
"I'm sorry Sir" he managed to say, trying to move a bit his hips to feel again that sweet sensation of Hannibal's fingers moving inside of him and gently brushing over his sweet spot.

"I'm gonna be good, please Sir" Will continued to beg, now leaving some light kisses all over Hannibal's jaw and neck, resisting to the urge to just bite him on the white skin so that he could leave a mark for everyone to see it.
Next time he'll definitely do that, wanting to claim what was going to be his forever with a very visible mark. But right now, everything that he wanted was to have Hannibal's cock

inside of him, feeling the head brushing against his prostate while making him scream the man's name so loud that everyone in the cloud would be able to hear it.

Fortunately for him, Will didn't have to wait any longer to finally receive what he had wanted since the start of their little session.

"I'll trust you on your word, puppy. But this will be the first and last time that I let you slip away with it" the older man whispered in one of the brunette's ears, slowly and gently starting to take out all of the fingers that he was using to prepare Will.
"However, I need for you to fetch something for me first.
Be the good boy that I know you are and go to fetch for me some lube, I don't want to hurt you for your first time" Hannibal told him, gently patting him on the butt before releasing him from the tight grip that he had on the brunette's boy. His hand now slowly moving away from Will's waist, his honey-colored eyes focusing on the red marks that were a nice contrast with the white skin of the boy.

Will didn't have to make Hannibal tell him that twice, immediately running, or trying to, toward his secret place where he kept the lube and all of his little toys that he needed when he was alone with just himself.
After all, he too had his needs to fulfill.

It was only a few seconds after that the brunette was again in front of the older man, this time only crouching down so that it would be easier and more comfortable for him to just spread the lube all over Hannibal's cock. The taste of cum still lingering on his tongue, making him almost moan at the only thought of that.
He didn't even wait for the man to tell him something or to give him an order because, immediately after he finished his little work with the lube, the brunette was again sitting on Hannibal's lap.
His hips raised and both of his hands tightly gripping at the cannibal's shoulders, both of them just staring into each other eyes.
A smirk now lingering on their lips, telling to the other all of the kind of emotions that they were feeling right now.

"What a good boy that you are, always waiting for my orders even if what you want is only a few inches away from you" Hannibal told him, now putting both of his hands on the brunette's waist and starting to slowly push him down on his cock.
A moan and a growl leaving their mouth at the same time, echoing in the room that now was filled only with the sounds of their emotions. The music had stopped to keep them company a long time ago.

It took them a few minutes and some pauses, the man not wanting to hurt the boy for his first time and the brunette wanting to take it slow. At least at first, of course.
He wasn't a stranger to the feeling of having something inside of him, always taking care of himself under that aspect, but Hannibal was bigger than every toy and dildo that he had ever tried. Larger too.
And the sensation that he was feeling right now wasn't really something foreign to him, it was just different.

“Sir.. Ah~
More” the brunette begged so sweetly Hannibal, moan after moan leaving his mouth every time he tried to open his mouth to just beg him to give him what he needed.
And how could Hannibal tell him no when he was a beautiful, whimpering mess? Especially when Will was like that only because of the man.
“How could I ever deny you something that you need so much?” Hannibal asked him, gently starting to push up his hips more and more until his cock wasn’t entirely buried inside of the brunette.
A silent moan leaving his mouth, now open wide because of the feeling.

Yes, the man wanted to leave some time to the boy to get adjusted to his size, but as soon as he was feeling just a bit more comfortable the brunette started to beg him for more.
Will even tried to move his hips, rolling them a bit so that he could feel the head of Hannibal’s cock against the spot that had made him scream since the beginning of the night.
And so, after teasing him for a few minutes, smirking every time that a moan or a whimper left those beautiful lips of the brunette, the man decided to quicken the pace of his thrusts.
He could clearly feel the grip that Will had on his shoulder getting tighter and tighter with every thrust, making him smirk at the thought of the marks that he will find on his body the day after.

However, it was only fair for him to be marked by Will, especially after that he had marked the brunette himself in places that everyone would be able to see.

It didn’t take long for Hannibal’s thrust to increase in speed, losing at the same time that precise rhythm that he managed to keep until now.
He was close, yes, but Will was close too. Indeed, the brunette had already started to try to hide his face in the crook of the man’s neck, gently biting at the skin to keep himself from moaning even louder.
Yes, that was what the brunette had told to himself as an excuse for what he was doing right now, when in reality he couldn’t wait to leave a mark on Hannibal’s neck so that everyone outside will be able to see that.

It also helped him to keep himself from cumming, still not being allowed by Hannibal to do so.
Indeed, the man hadn’t told him anything about that because he had planned something special for his boy, wishing to see him as the sweet mess that he already was but with the add of something else.
They just needed to change their position, making the brunette’s back press against the older man’s chest so that he would cum all over his chest and stomach.
After all, Hannibal couldn’t allow him to dirty his clothes.
But maybe he would allow that, only this time. He was close too, after all, and he wished to witness the beautiful expressions that will appear on the boy’s face while feeling true pleasure.

Indeed, it was only a few minutes after that Hannibal grabbed Will’s face with one hand, his thumb and index finger gently grabbing his chin and making him raise his face. Both of the

two men staring at each other.
Only a whisper had been said in that moment, not even interrupted by the brunette's moan and whimpers.
Not at first, after all.
"Come for me, Will"

For Will, everything went blank for a second. The boy physically too lost in pleasure while mentally he was letting himself drawn into that gold-colored sea that was the inside of Hannibal's eyes.
His mouth was wide open but nothing came out of it, not even one of those whimpers that had managed to get out of it until this moment.
However, a sound could be heard inside of that room, something that had broken the silence that had been there 'till a few seconds ago.
It was a low growl, something that could remind you of a creature claiming his mate for the eternity, letting everyone and their mate know that they would be his for ever.

Yes, Will loved that. He loved to hear and see Hannibal being so possessive toward him, silently telling the brunette that from now on he will always be his and that he'll kill everyone who dared to come too close to him. Not that Will complained, of course.
He loved that side of Hannibal, loving the monster that he truly was under that person suit that he wore so nicely and so perfectly that could deceive everyone.
Everyone but him.

However, the brunette didn't have time to focus on that thought because it was only a few seconds after him that Hannibal came too. Thrusting one last time inside of
Will before stilling his hips and letting all of his cum fill the brunette.

The couple stayed like this for a few minutes, both of them trying to catch their breath and to not make a mess all over Hannibal's clothes even with the little movements that the brunette was making while trying to get more comfortable.
Something that was turning easier and easier with Hannibal's help, now putting both of his hands on the brunette's waist and helping him to slowly raise his hips. An action that managed to get a sad whine outside of his lips but that was necessary in that moment.
After all, the man had to clean properly the brunette from all of the mess that they both made.
And he didn't want for his clothes to be dirty, wanting to keep them as clean as possible, and that position on a long time won't work with the man purpose.

"No need to pout, Will. I'm going to take good care of you.
You just need to be a good boy for me, like you've been since now" Hannibal told him in a soft tone, slowly making the brunette sit beside him on the couch so that he would be comfortable enough.
Even if sit wasn't the right word for that.
Indeed, Will was more laying on the couch than sitting on it, his back completely pressed against it and his knees slowly making their way towards his chest. He was starting to get cold, wanting nothing but the sweet heat that his body could provide him.
However, Hannibal immediately noticed that, and before leaving the boy to fetch something

to clean him he slowly took out his jacket, putting it on the brunette's shoulders and smiling when the boy just grabbed it. His hands now tightening their grip around the piece of clothing as if he was scared that someone would take it away from him, already enjoying too much the warm feeling that it was providing him to just give it away.
"Be quick then" it was everything that Will managed to say, never losing his sarcasm and sassyness even when he was slowly losing himself into subspace.
Something that never happened to him until now.

It didn't take long for Hannibal to completely clean Will from both his own and the brunette's cum, making him whine at first because of the cold feeling on his skin that the wet cloth provided him.
However, it passed as quickly as it came, leaving to the brunette the possibility to finally cuddle a bit with the older man while he was gently asking him to sit once again on his legs. Something that Hannibal couldn't deny him.

Indeed, when the older man finally sit again beside the brunette, the boy was quick to make himself comfortable again in the cannibal's lap. Pressing his cheek against his chest and slowly closing his eyes, letting himself listen to the slow heartbeats of Hannibal's heart.
But there was just one question that Will had to make him, before letting himself fall asleep while being cuddled by the man who he could finally call his. The red mark on the skin of Hannibal's neck still very visible and red, making the brunette smirk at the mere sight of it.

"Hannibal..?"
"Yes, mylimasis?"
"How did you get to know my name?"

Chapter 2

"Hannibal..?"
"Yes, mylimasis?"
"How did you get to know my name?"

It wasn't usual for Hannibal to find himself in that part of the city, especially at extremely late hours.
On normal days, the man would have been at home, enjoying a good glass of wine while reading in of the many Lithuanian classics that he had on the shelves of his bedroom.
He had been finally able to find that book that he had been searching for months never having enough luck to actually find the right edition of it.
However, sometimes the profit could be combined with the pleasure, as Hannibal soon discovered when one of his ex patients had started to talk with him about that specific book.

He had said something about his grandmother gifting it to him, hoping for the man to appreciate it because it had been a part of their family for a long time. But the gift had been quickly discarded as something useless but the black haired man, planning to throw it away only to discover how much it was worth in money.
He even tried to sell it to Hannibal at a higher price, thinking that he would be able to fool the man in front of him.
Unfortunately for him, he had never been able to do that, finding that exact night what the taste of death was. If he had ever attempted to read the book maybe the man could have had a thought on that.

Not that the knowledge of it matters anymore, especially to the lifeless body laying at the center of the floor, his head now being neatly cut and separated from the whole body and now resting on the top of a shelf.
Behind it, open books and torn pages could be seen, creating a lovely background of knowledge that the victim should have known since the first day they were born.
He'll have to learn that in death, then.

After all, if there was something that Hannibal hated more than rudeness it was ignorance.
Something that the cannibal could never comprehend, finding regrettable the fact of someone not craving for the knowledge that the world could offer to them on all of the topics they could think of.
But, as he already knew, the world where they lived wasn't a place suitable for everyone who was born in it, and someone had to get rid of them.
Like God did many years ago with the ones they decided weren't worthy to worship him.

They are created in his image and likeness, aren't they?

It didn't take long for Hannibal to find what he was searching for, seeing that the book had been now abandoned on a table just right beside the front door. A little layer of dust resting over the hardcover of it, making Hannibal grimace at the sight.
A pity, really, to just ignore something that could tell so much about Lithuanian mythology, a topic that his mother used to tell him about when he was a child. Still living in that castle that he had the fortune to call his home, even if for a short period of time.

But Hannibal didn't want to lose himself in his thoughts, never loving the idea of letting his mind wander inside the depths of his thoughts only to bring him back to that now lost time. After all, he needed to leave soon, the girl that used to live with him thinking that they were a thing was going to be back home soon, and Hannibal had to go back to his house to finish reading the book that he had bought just a week ago.
After all, Dante's words always managed to capture his undivided interest. Especially if he had the privilege to read one of his favorite books in front of the fire, comfortably sitting in his chair with a nice glass of wine in his free hand.
A light smirk on his lips, almost always present in moments like that, appearing at the mere thought of another pig being finally turned into something that people could appreciate.
The crime scenes that the Chesapeake Ripper always left behind were art, after all, even if the mortals were keener to call them with the adjective "terrifying" or "grotesque".

"I guess that only a few people in this world are able to understand the fine art that could be hidden behind something that most would call a murder" the only thought that was always present in the cannibal's mind when he thought about them. About his homicides and the living paintings that he would always leave behind him.
After all, how could people learn if Hannibal killed them before composing the scene, not even giving to them the possibility to learn something about art in their last minutes of life. Yes, even pigs could learn something, and that was why the man never killed them before finishing his painting, mercifully giving the protagonist a few minutes to admire what was going to be the setting of their forever in the afterlife.

It was snowing when Hannibal got outside of the house, taking advantage of the darkness that the late hour would offer to him to make sure that nobody could see him. Even the lights that he could always see placed on the outside of the many houses had been turned off for a while.
The only source of light that could be found was a lamppost placed just right in front of a dark alley, not that it was adempting to its own purpose. The light that it was emitting was very weak, illuminating only a little portion of the street and making that alley an even more dark place.

The perfect spot for murder, if someone wanted to give that place a purpose.

However, Hannibal didn't let the thought sink too much into his brain, already tired of being in that part of the city. The streets were dirty and strays could be seen everywhere, adventuring themselves in every place where they could smell food, perfectly covering and messing with the traces in the snow that Hannibal could leave behind him. Not that it would have been a problem even without the strays, after all the snow would have stopped falling

soon, leaving the already fallen one the time to melt and to erase everything that could tell someone of the little visit that he had just finished paying.

The man stayed still for a few seconds, letting himself enjoy, even if for a mere bit, the snow that was slowly falling on the ground and on his figure. It reminded him of happier times.
A chapter of his life where he still had a bit of hope in humanity, not realizing yet that not everyone deserved to live in the same world that he was in.
People, if we could call them by that word, that were too much comfortable in their pathetic lives that thought that they could do everything without paying even a single consequence.
"Rude" it was always what came up in Hannibal's mind when he saw one of those people, quickly followed by the thought that pigs like them shouldn't be allowed to exist.

It didn't take long for him to pass from only the mere thoughts, always being kept in the inside of his mind where they could grow into something beautiful, to actions.
They weren't equal, after all, so he had all the right to kill those pigs so that he could feed himself with their flesh. It's what people always did since the beginning of time, eating animals so that they could live.
Even if many would say that killing was bad. Something that always managed to make the cannibal smirk in response.

People predicted that killing inferior beings was cruel when, in reality, they were the same people that every Sunday went to church to worship their so benevolent God.
A God that never kept itself from killing those who it thought unworthy of living in the world that it created.

However, his thoughts were quickly interrupted by some disgraceful noises, making him turn his head toward the direction that the rumors were coming.
It sounded like two people shouting at each other, even if the man wasn't able to hear what they were saying, and they were coming from that dark alley that he had spent a few seconds thinking about.
He would have loved to just ignore that, letting the two of them to their little discussion and, eventually, to the inevitable actions that would lead to their confrontation. But, unfortunately, he had to walk toward that place, needing to reach the parking lot where he had left his car.

It was a bit far away, Hannibal had to admit that, but walking had never been a problem for him, loving to just take a walk outside and let himself admire his surroundings and the world that was all around him.
But he would be unable to do so that night, always having the ugly background sounds of two men arguing and shouting at each other.
Yes, Hannibal was already prepared to have to hear those ugly noises for all the time that it would take him to get to his car when suddenly all of the noises stopped.
Or, at least, that would have been only if who was listening to the two men wasn't paying enough attention to them. Indeed, just a few moments before the world went completely silent, Hannibal could clearly hear a strangled noise quickly followed by a low thud.
The sign of a body falling on the ground, the sound of it being softened by the snow on the street.

The man stayed still for a few seconds, stopping his walk towards his car that he had started just a few seconds ago, thinking about what could be his next move.
Being face to face with another killer, or maybe a serial killer, wouldn't have been a problem for him.
But the man really wasn't eager to find himself in that situation, especially because he wasn't very happy with the idea of risking ruining the book that he had just obtained.

However, it seemed that the decision was been already made for him, because just a few seconds before he could hear a lovely voice coming from the dark alley. Alluring Hannibal towards it and making his curiosity spark, wanting to know who was the owner of that soft voice that was hiding something darker inside of it.
"A pity, really. I would have wished to have more fun with you" it was everything that the voice said, now coaxed in a sweeter tone. As if his words were being covered in honey before leaving the boy's mouth.
"I guess that you weren't worthy of a decent death, after all.
Rude people like you don't deserve that"

More words. Words still coming from that mouth.
Words that made Hannibal's curiosity spark, making him slowly take those final steps that would lead him toward the entrance of the dark alley. The lamppost offered to him a low light, enough to enlighten the figure of the man who had just committed a crime.
Just like him.

His hands were covered in blood, the knuckles of his right hand being a little bruised.
Probably because of a little fight that he had with the man that now was laying dead on the ground.
The lovely brown curls that the boy had were softly covering his eyes, offering the figure a lovely look that made Hannibal almost smirk.
Blood was on his cheeks too, giving him that feral but also innocent look that would have made him the perfect little thing. He just needed a little bit of training, needing to be more careful about the traces that he would have left behind him if he wasn't careful enough.
But, besides that, he was just the perfect mate that the monster that Hannibal was searching for. Recognizing in the brunette the perfect creature that was worthy enough to be called both of them being destined to be together thanks to what most would call fate or destiny.
When, in reality, both knew that it was the simple fact that they were the only ones worthy of truly knowing who the other was.
Staring into each other's souls and seeing the beauty that they were hiding, covered by those person suits that they were so used to wore now.
However, even if Hannibal's one had been perfectly tailored to fit his perfect figure and didn't let even a single detail uncovered, the man could clearly see that the boy's suit still needed to be finished.
Yes, it was enough to cover enough for most people to not recognize what he truly was, but with time it would tear apart, showing to the world who in reality was that curly brunette who used to hide himself behind the face of an angel.

But Hannibal could teach him. He could show him every secret and little trick to become the perfect version of himself, growing into what could be the perfect mate for the cannibal. Someone who he could share his passions with, spending the nights talking about everything and nothing, in front of a good glass of wine, before deciding together who their next victim could be.

Yes, weirdly, the man could see himself in the future with that boy by his side.
However, he still needed to grow and learn.
It will take a while, but Hannibal was a patient man.

"You're hurt" was the first thing being said between them. Soft words being whispered in the night by the same man that now was walking towards the brunette, his eyes never leaving his figure. Not even caring to take a look at the lifeless body that was laying on the ground beside them.
He couldn't care less, he had deserved what happened to him after all.
Hannibal only wished he had been there to see how much beautiful the boy was while killing that man.

"Nothing that a good glass of whiskey and some bandages can't heal" the brunette spoke after a few seconds, just waiting for the older man to be right in front of him before opening his mouth to speak.
His eyes now looking directly into the honey-colored one of Hannibal, thinking that maybe he wasn't alone in this world. Maybe there really was someone like him, after all.
"You should take better care of yourself, you could end up badly hurt if you're too careless" it was everything that Hannibal said before taking out of his pocket a white tissue.

"Allow me" the man continued in almost a whisper, gently taking the hurt hand of the boy in front of him before starting to clean away the blood that was still visible on the red knuckles. A beautiful contrast with the pale skin of his hand that now was starting to shake a bit because of the adrenaline and the cold weather that they were exposed too.
Hannibal may have hurt the brunette too, involuntary of course, even if the last thing he wished for was to hurt that beautiful creature that was meant to be his. At least that was what he wished for, right now.
But, considering that little moan that escaped the boy's, quickly followed by a little pout, he wasn't really complaining about that.
Something that made a little smirk appear on Hannibal's lips.

They stayed silent after that, both of them too focused on something to just even let a word get out of their mouths. As if the mere presence of the other was enough for them.
However, even blissful moments like that need to come to an end at some point, and this wasn't an exception.
Indeed, when Hannibal had finished to dutifully clean the brunette's hand he took a few steps behind, his eyes now raising to stare into the blue ones of the boy in front of him.
He didn't have the possibility to look at them until now, always being covered by those curls or by the fact that he wasn't really fond of raising his head to look at who was speaking to him.
"shy boy, aren't you" was what passed through Hannibal's mind at first, thinking that it was

just an act of his to attire his preys into the trap that the brunette had set for them a long time ago.

And he wasn't wrong by thinking that, at least, not fully wrong.
Because, when the man finally had the possibility to have a glance at those beautiful blue eyes, he felt like the brunette could read his entire soul.
Fully getting to know all of his past and all of his memories only with a quick glance.

It felt weird, of course, to know that Hannibal had finally found someone that could truly understand him.
Someone that could see past his perfectly tailored human suit, quickly but gently taking it out to see what Hannibal truly was.
But it also felt good.
It felt good to know that someone was finally able to see you, to understand you at your deepest.
Someone that was exactly like you, and that found that beautiful.

However, unfortunately for both of them, right now it wasn't the right moment for the couple to better know each other.
The sun would start to rise in a few minutes, leaving the two killers only a few other minutes to just get away from the crime scene and to cover all of the traces that they could have left behind. Even if the ladder thing applied only to the brunette, who clearly needed a little bit more practice to finally became what he was meant to be.
To finally take his rightful place beside Hannibal while they both stare at the world burning down because of their own hands.
But it was too early for that, and they knew it perfectly well.

Hannibal stared into those blue eyes for the last time, letting only a few seconds pass this time, before showing his back to the brunette and starting to walk away.
They didn't need to let useless and empty words out of their mouth, perfectly knowing that they were meant to be together but not now. The brunette still had a lot to learn, and he had to do it alone, but that didn't mean that he couldn't mess with Hannibal a little bit one last time.
After all, how could the man start to court him if he didn't even know his name?

"Will. My name is Will" were the last words that left the brunette's mouth before he started to walk away, never turning around to look back at the lifeless body on the ground or at the older man that he had just met only a few minutes ago and that now was slowly walking away from him.

Yes, they'll meet again. And maybe that would happen sooner than they would have expected.

Will was now comfortably sitting in Hannibal's lap, his cheek gently pressed against the man's chest while one of his hands was gently petting the brown curls.
The boy was slowly falling asleep, relaxing both his mind and body under Hannibal's gentle

touch, and it could clearly be seen by the expression that now was slowly appearing on his face.
As if he was a cat that just finished a delicious bowl of cream before slowly going to sleep on someone's bed.
Something that amused the older man, now think about how a collar and a leash attached to it would suit the brunette.
Making him stay on his hand and knees by his table, or sitting on the ground beside Hannibal's leg, while the older man had the pleasure to hand-feed him.

"You have the same eyes as that night" Will said in a whisper, slowly raising his head to look directly at those eyes. Honey with just a hint of red, the same red that would remind him of the shining color of blood on the ground.
A color that will always be reserved to Will's sight only.
And he wasn't complaining not one bit, too happy and relaxed while staying inside what could be called their little bubble, filled with images of the beautiful art that he and Hannibal could create together.
Two predators hunting together at night, letting only the light rays of the moon shine all over their faces while the blood of their victims was covering all of their bodies and clothes.
A magnificent vision that made a smirk appear on Will's lips, something that didn't go unnoticed by the older man who was still focusing all of his attention on him.
Even though his thoughts had wandered to a more lusty scenario for a few seconds.

"You're thinking very loudly, Will. I can hear anything that's passing through your mind" Hannibal told him after a while, smirking when he managed to catch the boy off guard and making him jump a bit in surprise. His boy must have been very focused on thinking about their future together to care about the fact that their time was coming to an end.
The clock on the wall signaling to them that they only had a few more minutes left to spend together inside the private room before Will officially finished his work shift at the strip club.

But that didn't mean that they couldn't spend together more time at Hannibal's house.
After all, the man wouldn't complain about the fact to have the brunette at his house for a few more hours, wishing to get to know better the monster that he too was hiding under a messy person suit.
And, from the thoughts of the boy that were passing all over inside the brunette's mind, he too was very eager to do the same. Craving to finally see once again that monster that he had the honor to see for the first time a long time ago.

"Mhmh, and what are you going to do about that, Sir? Are you going to force me to just shut up my mouth?" the brunette answered him, now smirking at him while slowly getting closer and closer to the man's face. Their lips only a few inches away from each other.
It could take nothing for them to meet, giving both of them what they were craving the most at that moment.
And Will would have done exactly that, giving in to his desires and just crushing his lips against Hannibal's ones, moaning into the kiss, and just letting himself be controlled by the desire and lust that he was feeling right now.
Even though the right word for the sentiments that he had for Hannibal would be "love".

However, that wasn't the right moment. They still had something to take care of, even if the brunette didn't know all of the details about that. But he didn't need to know them, already fully trusting Hannibal and the fact that he knew what he was doing.
After all, it would be so easy for both of them to take care of that matter. Especially if its name was Frederick Chilton.

"Even if I would love to do so" Hannibal answered to the boy only after a few seconds, his thumb now gently caressing his lower lip before gently pushing two fingers inside of Will's mouth. Both of them slightly pressing against his tongue while he was eagerly sucking them.
"I have some matters to take care of before bringing you home.
I can't leave a good puppy like you here, after all" the man continued, a smirk appearing on his lips when he heard the soft moan that was trying to leave the brunette's mouth.

Hannibal could have listened to those sounds for hours and hours, loving the needy noises and those pouting expressions that always appeared on Will's face on occasions like that.
And he would have loved that too, loving the fact that he could just sit on the man's lap while he praised him and took care of him in every way possible.
However, unfortunately for them, they will have to wait for more relaxed moments and to be in a more comfortable, and especially private, location.

After all, Hannibal had many ideas for his lovely puppy, wanting to train him properly so that he could become what he was meant to be.
But this will be a story for later.

It didn't take long for both of them to dress up, Will putting back his black Bunnysuit and Hannibal dutifully fixing his pants.
They would have preferred to do things with a slower pace, wanting to bask in each other's company for another while, but Hannibal had some work to do.
After all, he still needed to act on his plan to kill Frederick, already thinking about how to dispose of the corpse and the soon-to-be crime scene so that it would seem like a robbery went wrong.
Yes, it wouldn't take too long, and considering the place where they were, it wouldn't be too strange for the other man to be killed that way.
After all, Frederick always went around showing everyone how rich and cultured he was. Strutting around and acting as if he was better than the many people that he met on a daily basis, always gaining back only the antipathy of those who had the displeasure of meeting him.

A robbery wouldn't sound so strange, the FBI would think about someone who heard about him and about all of the things that he possessed. They would have tried to rob him after seeing him getting out of the Stripper club by the back entrance that lead to a very dark and isolated alley where, inevitably, he would meet his fate before finding himself eye-to-eye with the one who would be his killer.

Yes, that would work. It shouldn't take too long too.
He could do that after gently asking Will to wait for him in the dressing rooms, ordering him to go and put on some more comfortable and warm clothes.

After all, the weather outside was still cold and Hannibal didn't wish for his good puppy to fall sick.

"Why don't you go and get changed? I'll wait you at the bar, Will" Hannibal told him, placing his hand on the brunette's lower back and gently pushing him towards the door. The smile on the boy's face completely ignored by the man, who only thought that it was there because of the thoughts of what they would have done once arrived at Hannibal's home.
Yes, if he had to be honest, the older man too was eager to get home as soon as possible.

The brunette was going to answer the man, asking him if he wanted to join him inside the dressing room that should have been free at that moment when the loud music and even louder voices of many men shouting orders interrupted him. Both him and Hannibal stopping in their tracks, focusing their attention on what was happening inside the club and on the many police officers that were asking everyone questions and barking orders at each other.
Something that neither of them would have expected, or so Hannibal thought.

"Will! There you are!" a tall man shouted, closing the call that he was trying to make before quickly walking towards Hannibal and Will. His face had a serious expression on it, his gaze quickly shifting from Will to Hannibal, and then back to Will only after a few seconds.
"Good to see you, agent Crawford. I see that our little plan here worked out in the best way possible" the brunette told him with a smirk on his face, adjusting his posture so that he wasn't completely leaning over the older man that was at his side.
Yes, he had some explaining to do, but Hannibal was a patient man. He could wait a few minutes more.

Both, Hannibal and Will were expecting an answer from the man about what was happening around them, wanting to have a more clear vision of all of the events that took place while they were having their fun in the private room.
However, everything that they received from the man was a lot of shouting about how he had been searching for Will for the past 10 minutes and about how he needed to immediately report to him where he had been and everything that happened.

Unfortunately for him, Will wasn't really happy about the tone that the other man was using to address him, making the brunette assume a very annoyed expression.
"If I have to remember you that, Jack, I don't work with the FBI anymore.
I only accepted to help you because you thought that you could catch the Ripper, something that you clearly were able to do after all even without my help" the boy continued, his tone now a mix between the amused and the irritated. Something that amused Hannibal even more, able to read all of the things that were hiding between that sweet tone.

The man was going to answer him, wanting to yell at him that they were able to catch who they thought was the Ripper even without his help, especially because he was nowhere to be found when he had been interrupted by the shouting of someone that was being dragged away by two policemen.
"You can't do this! I'm innocent, you're arresting the wrong man!" it was everything that could be heard inside the club, the scream of Frederick and his protest covering all of the other noises in the room.
Something that made Hannibal grimace a bit, thinking about the rudeness of the act.

He couldn’t even act as a decent human being even while being arrested, but, after all, Hannibal always knew that he couldn’t pretend much from the fake psychiatrist.

However, a smirk was fighting to slowly appear on his lips too, wanting to take the place of the grimace at the mere thought of Chilton being accused of being the Ripper.
It was something that he hadn’t planned, or that he couldn’t predict after all, but he was amused about the turn that the events of that night took.
Yes, he had some questions to make Will. But they could wait for another while.

A few minutes had passed before both Hannibal and Will were able to finally find themselves in a more quiet place, getting back inside the private room where they had been for a while before sitting back on the couch.
A smirk resting on the brunette’s lips while, on Hannibal’s face, everything that could be found was curiosity mixed with amusement.
He would have never expected his puppy to be this full of surprises, and he wasn’t complaining at all.
But now he was curious to know, know why a beautiful boy like him went from working for the FBI to find himself working for a strip club.
However, he perfectly knew that the brunette would start the argument by himself, already seeing in his face the desire to explain himself and what had just happened outside of that room. After all, he was the one who had been involved with the FBI’s plan since the beginning of the night.

Indeed, it was only after a few seconds that Will turned his head a bit to the side, looking at Hannibal from over his shoulder while he was still standing in front of the man.
The brunette still didn’t take back his place on the couch, right beside Hannibal, because right now he felt more comfortable standing. Able to stretch his legs and just walk around so that he could focus his attention on everything that was in the room instead of a single spot.

“I guess I owe you some explanations” Will said in a teasing tone, now starting to walk towards a cabinet, only to crouch down and taking out of it a glass and a bottle of whiskey.
He always needed that after seeing Jack Crawford, even if only for a few seconds.
And he already knew that he won’t have to drive tonight, already knowing that he will spend the night at Hannibal’s house. But mostly in the man’s bed.
“You owe me nothing, Will. But I have to admit, I’m rather curious about why the FBI just arrested what I could call one of my colleagues by accusing him of being the Chesapeake Ripper” the older man told him, his tone low and firm. Something that didn’t let any kind of emotion be seen, just a little trace of curiosity in that voice that Will could spend hours listening to.
But right now wasn’t the right moment, not when outside the door they both could still hear men shouting and just running around trying to search for something.

It would be a shame for the brunette to just waste the occasion of just listening to Hannibal talking to him. The boy kneeling by his feet while resting his head on the man’s thighs, feeling a strong and firm hand just passing through his curls while gently petting him.

Yes, both Hannibal and Will would have loved that, but right now it wasn't the right moment. And they perfectly knew that.

"I hope you're in for a long story, then," Will said, taking a sip of the whiskey that now was inside the glass before turning to look at Hannibal, a curious expression on his face.
"I always am when the storyteller is you"

It took a while for Will to explain everything to Hannibal.
He started telling the man about the first time that he had met Frederick, having him as a client for the first time a night of two or three months ago.
He had been extremely touchy and rude, not listening to Will and never respecting his boundaries even when the brunette threatened him to call security and make him go away by force.
Fortunately, the little session that they had together didn't last long, never leaving the man the time to make anything that would have made Will even more uncomfortable than how much he was right now.

The brunette at first had thought that maybe he could let Chilton live, finding a solution to his problem by telling to the one who owned the club that the man had been very disrespectful towards him and that he won't accept anymore to do any kind of service for him.
After all, the manager of the club had always been a very kind person, understanding every dancer's needs and trying their best to make the club a comfortable place for those who were working too.
So it wouldn't be a problem for Will to just reject any kind of interaction with the man.

That was until he heard other of his colleagues talking about Frederick, hearing them telling the others about how the man had acted like a bitch and never kept the hands by himself. Always touching and even trying to kiss when he wasn't allowed to do so. Especially after many had told him that he couldn't kiss or touch them.
Frederick just didn't listen to them, keeping his creepy behavior even when being threatened by one of the bodyguards that worked at the club.

At first, Will had thought to just kill him, wanting to clean the world from another person who didn't deserve to live. But then, one night, he found at the club the last person that he would have expected to see in a place like that.
The only one Jack Crawford, asking around because he was searching for Will.

The brunette would have gladly sent him away, telling him that he had finished his days where he was just a puppet to order around and to send into the darkest places that were the criminal's brains.
But he was also curious. Curious about why the man was searching for him, and about how he had managed to find him after how he left the FBI's world.
Not even telling Alana what he was going to do after.
And he was dying to see the expression that will appear on the man's face when he'll see how the brunette was dressed.

It didn't take long for Jack to finally find Will, trying to hold himself back from doing any awkward comments about what the brunette was doing as a job right now, trying to stay focused on what he had to tell him.
After all, Jack was here because the FBI needed Will's help to catch the Ripper, too lost without him and without his pure empathy that made him able to perfectly see the scenes like he was the one who had killed those people.
The outfit and the place that they were in at the moment could wait for a while, becoming a less important topic of discussion. Right now, the man needed the brunette to go back to what he did before deciding to leave everything behind and just search for another job.
So, when he finally found himself in front of the person that he was looking for, Jack didn't wait any other seconds before starting to talk to him with his usual firm tone that only managed to get Will even more pissed off than how much he was already before.
"We need your help"

And so here they were, enjoying the privacy that the private room was managing to give them once again, just waiting for the FBI to finish their job and clean the area.
Yes, they managed to make a pretty mess in the club, scaring away every client and making his manager and all the other dancers very angry.
But, like 95% of the people in this world would say, it was for a good cause. So they'll just have to oblige and just wait for the scene to clear out.
Not that Will or Hannibal were complying at all, more than happy to enjoy each other's company while having the privacy that they were already craving.
Indeed, the brunette now wasn't standing anymore, preferring at some point in his story that sitting beside Hannibal would have been a better option for him.

"At first I really wanted to help the FBI to catch the Ripper, or that was what I kept telling myself every night after work.
But then, when I saw you that night, I just knew that I couldn't let them catch you" Will said, his lips still wet because of the whiskey, gifting to them a light glimpse that made Hannibal stare at them more than how much he would have liked. Not that the brunette was complaining about that, of course.
But he wanted to finish his story first, letting the man know why Frederick was the one who was being arrested and why not a random man that Will had found as one of his clients on a previous night.
After all, they came to the club together, and the brunette supposed that it would only be fair for the man to know why he was being arrested while being accused to be the Chesapeake Ripper.

"I have to admit it, at first I thought of leading the FBI towards a client of mine. Someone that usually didn't respect the rules or that just took too many liberties with me.
But then, one night, Frederick just decided that I was a pretty thing to watch and to touch. Especially after he had his way with many of the dancers here, who just decided that it was a better choice to just let him do his things instead of complaining.
Thinking that maybe he would tip them well." Will then continued, taking the last sip of the whiskey inside his glass before placing it on the ground.
His eyes now focused on the honey-colored ones of Hannibal, staring into them while trying

not to smile because of all the things that he could see in them.
They really were meant to be together, after all.

“I thought you would have liked to know that. He’s one of your friends after all
I mean, you came here together even if he decided to dump you for someone else.
But that played on my lucky side, after all” the brunette said, at last, finishing his sentence before sitting himself again over Hannibal’s lap. Both of his arms now circling the man’s neck.

The last sentence made the older man almost chuckle in response, amused by the fact that the boy had thought that that pig that they usually called Frederick was a friend of his.
If it was for Hannibal, the man they were referring to would have been dead a long time ago, but the right moment never came.
Every time that he thought about that he always hold himself back, not wanting to draw too much attention to his figure and not wanting the FBI to start asking him questions. Especially not after that Chilton had decided that he wanted to flirt with Hannibal, wanting to impress him and to be in his good graces, while masking all of it as a mere attempt to be friends.

“Frederick is nothing more than a mere colleague to me. And if it was in my power to do so, he would have never been that too.” Hannibal told him, both of his hands now on the brunette's waist to keep him in place with a tight grip. The idea of leaving more marks on the boy’s white skin making him smirk in amusement.
“He’s just a pig that had taken a liking to my figure.
Tonight isn’t the first time that he tried to trick me into, what he would call, a date with him but never getting a positive result by myself” the man told him, giving the brunette a firm but amused look when he started to move a bit his hips. His ass brushing once again against Hannibal’s cock that was slowly coming back to life.
“I accepted to come here tonight with him because I had planned to kill him, making everything about his death seem like a robbery went bad.
But I see that you already took matters into your own hands” the man said in a deep voice, quickly moving his gaze from the brunette’s eyes to his lips.
Lips that were soon being covered by the older man’s pair in a heated kiss.

Yes, they’ll stay in that room for a little longer than what they had planned.
But, after all, with the FBI doing its work in the other room and with Jack barking orders all around, they won’t have to worry about making too much noises.

It was a few minutes after, maybe half an hour or so, that the couple finally stopped hearing the awful sounds that the FBI was making. Indeed, everything went silent for a while, including both Hannibal and Will who had been alerted by the sudden lack of noises.

“Weird,” the brunette said a bit out of breath, his lips now red and swollen because of all the time that he spent just kissing the man in front of him. Man that now was looking at him with an interrogative expression on his face, silently asking for him for an explanation about what was weird.
An answer that came quickly, immediately followed by a smirk appearing on those swollen red lips.

“Jack always used to tell me when he was going to leave wanting to make sure to check in with me.
I guess today is my lucky day then” the brunette explained to the older man, waiting only a few seconds before leaning again towards him. His lips already missing Hannibal’s pair.
His mind already thinking about how many rounds they could have before inevitably being interrupted by a security guard, telling them that they had to leave because the club was closing.

An interruption that, unfortunately for them, came earlier than excepted.
Indeed, it was only after a few seconds that the door of the private room opened with a loud slam, making both Hannibal and Will turn their head to look toward it. Only to see a very panicked Frederick Chilton looking at them, even if for just a few moments, before starting to run toward them. Quickly followed by two FBI agents.

The man was screaming nonsense things, begging Hannibal to tell the police that they had made a mistake and that he wasn’t who they thought he was.
He kept saying that he was innocent, that he was just a psychiatrist, and that Hannibal could tell everyone that.
All of this while looking like a mad man, with his clothes all messed up and his pants almost falling on the ground. He was probably with one of the dancers when they came to arrest him, having paid him enough to finally have the dancer suck his dick.

“What a tasteless scene,” Hannibal thought, gently making the curly brunette get off of his lap and stand up before doing so himself.
Yes, he was going to deal with the situation that Frederick had created, but not before making sure to aggravate the man’s situation just a little bit. After all, it was only the right punishment for being so rude by interrupting the little session that he and his good, little pet were having.
Something that only aggravated the fact that both he and Will had to witness the horrible sight of the man bursting inside the room while being dressed in a horrible manner.
He wasn’t even able to be a decent human being even when he was being arrested by the FBI.

The cannibal stared at him just for a few seconds, a light smirk starting to appear on his lips when he felt the brunette’s warm body starting to press against his side. One of his hands gently caressing his chest while asking him, almost in a whisper, if they could go home after that he had finished playing with that lesser human being.
After all, Will wanted to finish what they had started, and who was Hannibal to tell him no?

The man waited a few seconds, just staring at the man in front of him without saying a word. He was waiting for the right moment to finally speak, wanting the two FBI agents to be here before finally giving to Frederick the answer to his prayers. Or that was what he thought until that moment.
“I’m sorry but I don’t know who you are” it was everything that came out of Hannibal’s mouth, almost making the other man fall on the ground because of the feeling of all of his world crashing in just a few seconds.

Both Will and Hannibal could see the expression of pure horror and fear on Frederick’s face, his body now just laying on the ground while one of the FBI agents was handcuffing him.

The room only filled with the barks of the FBI agents who were screaming orders and explaining to the psychiatrist what his right was.
Something that, fortunately, only lasted a few minutes leaving to Jack the possibility of finally being able to talk to Will one last time. A mere attempt to convince him to go back into the field, trying to push him towards that direction by playing his best cards.

“So, this is finally over,” Will said once he found Jack right in front of him, not even moving his gaze from where it was focused right now, preferring to just stare into the honey-colored eyes of the man that he loved rather than looking at Jack one more time.
Yes, he loved Hannibal. He knew that since the first time that he saw him in that dark alley that fateful night.
He just didn’t know it yet.

And, of course, the feeling was mutual.

“Will why don’t we-“ it was everything that Jack was able to say before seeing Will and the man with him walk past him and towards the door, keeping their steady pace and never looking back.
Not even when he was yelling at Will to just stop and listen to what he had to say to him.
Unfortunately, Will never listened to him before and he wasn’t going to start now that he finally found who he really was.
Yes, he needed a little help, of course, and he had to wait a while before finally discovering it.
But, after all, as everyone says, the waiting only increased the pleasure.

“Bring me home, Hannibal” was the last thing that Will said, hiding his face in Hannibal’s chest once they were finally comfortable inside the man’s car and ready to just go home.
“Everything that you desire, Mylimasis”

It was the beginning of a story, Hannibal thought.
Their story.
And he couldn’t be happiest.

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